A

COLLECTION

Of the choicest

EPIGRAMS

AND

CHARACTERS

OF

Richard Flecknoe.

Being rather a New Work, then a New Impression of the Old.

Printed for the Author. 1673.

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THE PREFACE.

Before I give over writing, I have endeavored to set the last hand to these Epigrams *and* Characters, *especially the* Epigrams *since they contain the* Praises *and* Elogiums *of divers Noble Persons, whom I much honor, and desire that all the World should do the same. But being made at several times, on several occasions, I knew not how to range them, onely I imagined, as in a* Chaplet of Flowers, *it imported not much, which* Flowers *were placed the first, so all together made a delightful variety: They are little things, that launch not into the depth of* Poetry, *but keep onely along the shore, and to expect the* force *and* grandeur *in them of an* Epick *or* Heroick Poem, *were to expect the strength of a* Ship of War, *or bulk of a huge* Carrack *in a* Yatcht *or* Pleasure Boat,

mean time they are more pleasant and delightful. Since, in short Journeys we come always fresh, in long, always tired and weary to our Journeys end.

And so much for these Epigrams, *which I aptly couple with the* Characters, *since these are onely* Epigrams *in* Prose, *as the others are onely* Characters *in* Verse; *and consequently, All that is said of the one, may be said of the other, excepting what shall be said of the* Characters *hereafter.*

The

THE POURTRAIT OF *HIS MAJESTY*,

Made a little before His Happy Restauration.

Kings like the *Sun* in their full Majesties,
Are too resplendant bright for subjects eies;
But when ecclips'd, then every one can see
Without that splendor, what their persons be.
In which conjuncture, whosoe'er has seen
This *Sun* of ours, may well affirm of Him,
His *Person's* such, as He for that alone
(His Birth away) deserves the *Royal Throne*.
Such Majesty there's in it, and such Grace,
Both awing and delighting in His Face;
Without those *Kingly Robes* adorn the *Throne*,
He shews more *King*, than those who have them on.
His Stature's tall, and of the comeliest make,
His Vizage oval, His Hair thick and black;
In ample Curls on's Shoulders falling down,
Adorning more His Head, than any Crown.
His Eyes are lively, full of flame and sprit,
And of that colour most delights the sight.

Royal and largely Featur'd all the reſt,
Shewing the largneſs of His Royal Breſt.
Then for His Exerciſe's, He in all
The nobleſt Gallants, and moſt Martial,
Even the moſt excellent ſo far excels,
He's *King* in them, as He's in all things elſe;
And who'd be abſolute in every thing,
As well as Birth and Power, ſhou'd be a *King*:
Nor ſhall you e'er in any perſon find,
A greater ſtrength of *Body*, nor of *Mind*;
Which with long travel H'as improved ſo,
He know's what ere befits a *Prince* to know.
Not learn'd o'th' *dead*, but of the World and Men,
Thoſe *Living Authors*, and H'as ſtudied them;
So as each Nations Wiſdom He does know,
And each one's Language to expreſs it too.
Whence He compar'd to other Princes, ſit
Dully at home, and nothing know but it;
Seems juſt like ſome huge Gallion does come,
From fartheſt *Indies*, richly laden home;
Compar'd to ſome poor *Hoy* or *Bylander*,
Who never farther than their own Coaſts were,
And never none to *Fortune* more did ow,
Than to *Misfortune* He for being ſo.
For *Moral Vertues* then, H'as every one
In their full height and exaltation.
Juſtice not clouded with Severity,
Nor *Temperance*, with ſower Auſterity.
And ne'er in none more *Courage* was, nor more
Wiſdom and *Prudence* with leſs *vanity*, nor

With

With leſſer Artifice, then or's *Paſſions* He
Commands ſo abſolutely and Sov'raignly;
As ſhews Him *King* over Himſelf, as well
As other Men, nor does He leſs excell,
In *Civil Vertues*, which adorn no leſs,
The *Royal Throne*, as Mildneſs, Gentleneſs,
Obligingneſs and Debonarity,
With ſuch a winning affability,
He more does conquer with a gentle word,
Than ever any conquer d by the Sword.
Mean time He is ſo chearful and ſo gay,
None from His preſence e'er went ſad away;
Nor yet cou'd all His troubles, nor His cares,
Render Him leſs gay and chearful, which declares
His *Mind*'s above them all, and H'as within
Him, ſomewhat higher than His being *King*.
Juſt like the higheſt Region of the Air,
Where never Storms nor Tempeſts can repair.
For Your more noble *Courtly Vertues* then,
In which *Kings* too ſhou'd excel other Men;
As far as *Courts* do other Houſes, He
Appears in every one to excellency.
Dances ſo admirably, as your *Eye*
As well as *Ears* are charm'd with Harmony;
Knows *Muſick*, *Poetry*, *Gallantry*, and *Wit*,
And none knows better how to judge of it.
And as He is a *King* 'mong Courtiers, ſo
'Mong *Ladies* he's both *King* and Courtier too.
How happy are His Subjects then, t'have one
For *King*, Heaven ſeems to have choſen *Him* alone

To

To make them happy? One, they need but pray,
That as H'as born Adverſity, He may
But bear Proſperity as well, and then
As ſtill H'as been, He'll be the beſt of Men.
One finally, in whom y'united find,
Beſides His Birth, His Perſon, and His Mind.
All that which found in others one by one,
Raiſe them to heighth of Admiration.
The *Wiſe*, the *Valiant*, the *Majeſtical*,
The *Mild*, the *Gallant*, and the *King* in all.
More glorious are His ſufferings then, and more
Injurious *Fortune*, perſecutes Him for
His *Royal Birth* alone, who had He been
Born private Man, deſerves to be a *King*.
Such is her ignorant blindneſs does not know
His eminent worth, whom ſhe disfavors ſo.
Who'd find, if ſhe had eyes, and cou'd but ſee,
None e'er deſerv'd her favor more than He.

To His Majesty.

VOuchsafe *Great Sire*, on these to cast your sight,
Made cheifly for *Your Majesties* delight,
By him has cast off all Ambition
Long since, but of delighting you alone;
Counting it highest honor can befall,
To delight Him, who's the delight of all.

PROEMIUM
OF
EPIGRAMS.

WHat *Airs* in point of *Muſick* are the ſame
In point of Writing is your *Epigram*,
For *ſhort* and *ſprightly*, and both *theſe* and *thoſe*
When th'*ear* expects it always come to th' *cloſe*.
'Tis but few *lines*, but thoſe like *Gold* well try'd
Out of the *droſs* of many *lines* beſide,
And ſays not *much*, but i'th' *Laconick* way,
Compriſes *much*, i'th' *little* it does ſay.
In every kind, be th' writing what it will,
'Tis that moſt takes, and moſt delights you ſtill,
And adds to all the reſt, no leſs a *Grace*,
Then *Wit* to *Sence*, or *Beauty* to the *Face*.
Poets can't write, nor *Orators* declame,
But all their *Wit*, is cheifly *Epigram*;
And both in *Verſe*, and *Proſe*, and every thing,
Your *Eprigram* is writing for a *King*.

Of the difficulty of making them now a days.

BUt *Times* and *Wits* are ſo refin'd of late,
Old *Epigrams* are wholly out of date;
Nor is't ſo eaſie making new, as 'twas
In former times in our Forefathers days.
Then, ſo th'ad only *Rhime* and *Sence* to boot,
A little *gingle* on the words wou'd do't.
But now they muſt have *wit* and *ſharpneſs* too,
Or elſe your *Sence* and *Rhime* will hardly do.
Then, when they heard a *Clench* or *Quibble* ſpoke,
They'd claw you for't, as if ſome jeſt were broke;
But when they hear ſuch *Toys* and *Trifles* ſed,
Your *Wits* are ready now to break your head.
So goes the World, nor muſt we think it ſtrange,
That with the *Times*, our *Epigrams* ſhould change.
'Tis ſo you ſee in faſhion of our *Cloaths*,
And why not of our *Wits*, as well as thoſe?

In Detractorem.

I See thou art reſolv'd in ſpight,
To cry down every thing I write;
And i'm reſolv'd in ſpight of thee
To write ſo, thou aſham'd ſhalt be
Of thy poor *Envy*, and thy ſpight,
In crying down every thing I write.

Of Wits.

WIt's like *Hawks* are for the ſport,
Some are *long wing'd*, ſome are *ſhort*;
The *one* does flie ſo high a flight,
They often *ſoar* quite out of ſight;
The *other* far the fitter, for ye
Keep them cloſe unto the *Quarry*;
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *high*,
Of this latter ſort am I.

To the Readers.

AUthors uſe to make you *Feaſts*,
Books the *Fare*, and *Readers Gueſts*;
Judgment Caterer, and *Wit*
The *Cook* to dreſs and *Seaſon* it.
And when 'tis on the *Table* ſet,
The *Author* who provides them Meat,
Prayes his *Gueſts* unto't to fall,
And ſays th'are kindly welcome all.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS

To his Royal Highneſs

JAMES

Duke of YORK,

On his return from our Naval Victory. *Anno* 1665.

GReater and *Famouſer* than e'er
Ceſar or *Alexander* were,
Who has both done, and outdone too,
What thoſe great *Heroes* cou'd not do.
Till Empire of the *Seas* we get,
No Victory can be compleat
For *Land* and *Sea* make but one *Ball*,
They had but half, you have it all.
Great Prince, the Glory of our days,
And utmoſt bound of humane praiſe!
Increaſt in *Stile*, we well may call
You now, the whole *Worlds Admiral*,
Whilſt mighty *Charles* with *Trident* ſtands,
And like ſome *God* the *Sea* commands,

Having ſo *gloriouſly* o'ercome,
What now remains but to come home;
And fixed in our *Britiſh* Sphere,
Shine a bright Conſtellation there,
With greateſt pow'r o'th' Watry Main,
Next unto that of *Charles*'s Wain.

To his Highneſs Prince Rupert *on the ſame.*

GReat and Heroick *Prince*, ſurpaſſing far
Him who was ſtil'd *The Thunderbolt of War*,
The *Belgick Lion* ſtands amaz'd to ſee,
A greater *Lion* than it ſelf in thee;
And *Zealand* one, all trembling for fear,
Half ſinks into the Waves, to hide it there.
Ne'er ſince the *Grecians* cal'd the World their own,
Or *Romans*, their's was greater valor known.
And if there yet new Worlds to conquer were,
Brave *Rupert* were the fitteſt Conquerer.
Greateſt *example* of *Heroick* worth,
As ever yet this later age brought forth,
As formerly the *Land of Britain* was,
So now the *Sea*'s too narrow for thy praiſe.
And 'twill in time become the work alone
Of *Extaſie* and *Admiration*.

On

On the Death of Her Royal Highneſs HENRIETTA *Dutcheſs of* ORLEANCE.

THis life of ours is like a *Garden*, where
The faireſt *Flow'rs* always *firſt* gather'd are,
The whilſt they leave more *common ones* like *Weeds*,
To wither on their *ſtalks* and fall to *Seeds*.
And ne'er than this was fairer *flower* known,
Where th' *Roſe* and *Lilly* both are joyn'd in one.
In which conjuncture does together meet,
All that was heavenly fair, and heavenly ſweet.
Hereafter then as 'tis your *Floriſts* guize
New names, for *rareſt Flowers* to deviſe,
And more for the perpetuating their fames,
To call them by ſome Royal Perſons names.
Thoſe that are *ſweeteſt*, *faireſt ones* of all,
We *Henrietta*'s by her name may call.

On the Death of the Duke of Glocester.

HIgh born and *great*, as any *Prince* on Earth,
With Mind as *great* and *high* as was his Birth.
Wiſe 'bove his years, *valiant* above a Man,
And had he liv'd to end as he began,

The

The World wou'd for him ſcarce have any Room
So *mighty* and ſo *great* he had become.
Mean time his *life*, juſt like th' *Arabian wind*,
Did ſo much fragrant ſweetneſs leave behind,
The World was fill'd with *Odor* of his Name,
Ev'n when h'was gone, from whom the ſweetne
(cam
Who's now ſo dull, when this they hear but ſed,
Who do's not know the Duke of *Gloc'ſters* dead?
The gallants Perſon *Nature* ever made,
And hopefull'ſt Prince as *England* ever had!
Let all who truſt this World now, learn by this,
What all their *worldly hope* and *greatneſs* is.

On the Duke of Monmouth's *going into* France, An. 1669.

WE to the *French* as much in *Court* did yiel
As they to us did formerly i'th' *Field*,
Till *Monmouth* went and overcame them more
I'th' *Court*, than e'er we did i'th' *Field* before.
How fatal to the *French* is *Monmouth's* name,
They ſhou'd be twice thus conquer'd by the ſame
By *Valor firſt* in *War*, and now no leſs
A *ſecond* time, by *Gallantry in Peace*.

On the Dutchess of Monmouth's *happy Child-birth.*

NOw thanks to *Heaven*, what we have wisht for long,
And long have pray'd for, *Monmouth* has a Son.
His Lady safe deliver'd, and with her
Whole thousands are deliver'd of their fear.
Who hears this joyful news, and is not glad,
May they be ever *deaf*, and ever *sad*.
Now ye *Physicians*, you, who said that she
With so great danger should deliver'd be,
Who'll e'er believe you more? Unless you'll say,
You have *no skill*, and then indeed they may;
Or that each *Midwife* has more skill than you
In *Child-births*, then they may believe you too:
Mean time we clearly see you *Liars* are,
By these your false predictions of her.
And now to prove you greater *Liars*, may
Sh'have many Children, and live many a day.

To His Highneſs

COSMO

Prince of TUSCANY;

On his Travels and coming into England.

Coſmo, a name that's all *Coſmography*,
And *Cart* or *Map*, where all the World you ſee
Seeing what you do, and being what you are,
You are the onely great *Coſmographer*.
If *Princes* then, like rowling *Balls of Snow*,
By travelling the World, ſtill greater grow.
How great muſt you be, who were great before,
And now by travelling, grow more and more?
Mean time your thirſt of ſeeing the World's ſo (great,
As ſhou'd th'Almighty ſtill new Worlds create;
Till there were *Globes* enough for every *Ball*,
O'th' *Medicean* Arms you'd ſee them all;
Amongſt the reſt, at laſt y'are come to ſee
This other World of ours, *Great Brittany*.
Nor can you be but in your own World ſtill,
And 'mongſt your Kinred Travel where you will.
Neerly by Blood and Parantage allied
To all the Princes of the World beſide.

To Mr. Edward Howard, *Brother to the Duke of* Norfolk.

IT is not Travel makes the Man, 'tis true,
Unleſs a Man could Travel, Sir, like you.
By putting off the *worſt*, and putting *on*
The *beſt* of every Countrey where they come.
Their *Language*, *Manners*, *Faſhions*, and their *uſe*,
Purg'd from the droſs, and ſtript from the abuſe.
Until at laſt, in manner they become,
New Men and Creatures at their coming home;
Whilſt your *Pyed Traveller*, who nothing knows
Of other Countreys Faſhions but their Cloaths,
And ſpeaks their Language, but as *Parrots* do,
Onely at beſt a broken word or two,
Goes and returns the ſame he went agen,
By carrying *England* ſtill along with him;
Or elſe returns far worſe by bringing home,
The worſt of every Land, where he does come.

To the Dutchess of Cleveland, *on her new Accession of Titles.* An. 1670.

ALthough your *Graces Modesty* is so great,
You won't admit of your own praises yet,
We well may praise you under *Beauties* name,
And you and *Beauty*, *Madam*, are the same.
To ask then, what in *Beauty* we can find
To honor so? Is question of the blind.
Since all have any Sence or Eyes may see
It self alone is its own Dignity,
And *Monarch* like does in it self comprise,
All other *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Dignities*.
Th'are envious then at its advancement grutch,
Or think it can be honor'd here too much.
That might in ancient times if it had been,
Have chose what *Constellation* 'twou'd be in.
Either to have sat in *Casiopea*'s Throne,
Or to be crown'd with *Ariadne*'s Crown.
There is no honor underneath the skie,
That is for *Beauty* too sublime and high.

O

On the Death of the Lady Jean Cheney.

THe ſofteſt temper, and the mildeſt Breſt,
Moſt apt to pardon, needing pardon leaſt.
Whoſe *Bluſh* was all her reprehenſion,
Whilſt none e'er heard her chide or ſaw her frown,
All *ſweetneſs*, *gentleneſs*, and *mildneſs* all,
Without leaſt *anger*, *bitterneſs*, or *Gaul*.
Who ſcarce had any *paſſion* of her own,
But was for others all *compaſſion*.
To all *Relations* kind, but moſt of all
She did the *poor*, her cheif relations call;
To whom ſhe was ſo liberal, (as ſhe ſcant
Thought wealth her own, whilſt any one did want.
A Saint ſhe liv'd, and like a Saint ſhe di'd,
And now is gone where onely Saints abide.
Make much of her the whilſt, for Heaven knows
Your *Quires* will ever have her like agen. (when

To Mr. E. W. on his excellent Poems.

Poco & Bono.

'Tis not in *Wits*, as 'tis in *Horses* found,
Where those who run the fastest, get most ground;
Nor dost with *Books*, as 'tdoes with *Cattle* fare,
Where those are counted *best*, who *biggest* are.
Some swell their Volumns up, and think it brave,
Like those o'th' *Alps*, when they such swellings have
Which other men, more *learned*, and more *wise*,
Do look upon, but as *deformities*.
If writing much did make a Learned Man,
Scrivenors write more then *Learned Authors* can.
'Tis not *how much* th'ave written, but *how well*
Makes *Authors* famous, and their *works* excell.
A *little and good*, th' *Italian* wisely says,
In which consists a Writers cheifest praise;
And never any *Author* more than you,
Did in their writings make that saying true.

On

On the Death of her Highneſs Beatrix, *Dutcheſs of* Lorrain.

WHen this fair *Soul* i'th' World below did (live,
She had ſome *Angel* been, you would believe:
Thorough her bright *Exterior* there did ſhine,
So much from her *Interior* of Divine,
Her *Vertue* too, the more to blind our Sence,
So wrapt her up in every Excellence;
As by unfolding of them one by one,
You never ſhou'd to onely Woman come.
Yet do what *Vertue*, and what *Beauty* cou'd,
By making her ſo exc'llent *fair* and *good*.
She's dead, and we had honor of knowing her,
May well write this upon her *Sepulcher*.

She who alive *all* Vertue *and* Beauty *was*,
T'one in her Breſt, *and t'other in her* Face.
Now ſhe is dead, *juſt reaſon w'ave to fear*,
All Beauty *and* Vertue *too, are dead with her.*

To her noble Siſter Madamoiſelle de Beauvais, *now Princeſs of* Aremberg.

ALl the *Lay-thoughts*, Madam, I ever had
Of your fair Sex, are now Religious made,
By your Converſe, and I'm become by it
Your Sexes honorer, and your *Convert*;
For juſt unto your *Chamber* all do come,
As to ſome *Temple*, and from thence go home;
The *bad* converted, and the *good* far more
Confirm'd in *goodneſs* then they were before.
Yet all ſo chearful, one ſhou'd weary be
Of *Heaven*, as ſoon as of your company.
Which clearly ſhews *Religion* where 'tis true,
May be both *chearful*, and *Religious* too.
But ſtay — ſince 'tis a *theam* ſo infinit,
As we can never ſay enough of it.
And there's an *Artful ſilence*, as there was
An *Artful vailing* great *Atrides* face.
'Tis praiſe enough to ſay, That *ſhe can ne'er*
Be prais'd enough, and ſay no more of her.

Queſtion on her Letting Blood.

Queſt. Of this juſt mixture and equality
Of *Water* and *Blood*, what ſhou'd the reaſon be?
Reſ. The reaſon's clear, forced to part with her,
Each drop of *Blood* for grief did ſhed a *tear*.

To the Lady Kilmurry.

WHen I would praiſe you as I others do,
There does occur ſo much to praiſe in you
As quite confounded, when I once am in
I'm forc'd to leave it off, e'er I begin.
What ſhou'd I do then, but at laſt conclude
As *Painters* when they paint a multitude;
Who having ſome o'th' cheifeſt *heads* expreſt
Under them darkly, ſhadow all the reſt.
So having ſaid y'are *beauteous*, *vertuous*, *wiſe*,
Under which *heads* I all the reſt *compriſe*.
So infinite I'm forced to give o'er,
Oppreſt with number, and to ſay no more.

To the Earl of St. Albans.

My Lord,

THough we allow *Fortune* no Deity,
Yet ſure there's ſome ſuch fickle thing as th
That has great pow'r over th'unwiſer ſort,
And next to *Vertue* can do much in *Court.*
For ſince in *Court* y'ave ſtood and honored been
How many revolutions have we ſeen?
How many ſtrange examples have we known
Of *Favorites* ſhe has rais'd and overthrown?
Whilſt none but ſuch as you can firmly ſtand,
Not rais'd by *Fortunes*, but by *Vertues* hand.
Live ever honor'd then, ever the ſame,
Still more and more ennobling *Jermin's* name;
And live a great example unto all,
Who tottering ſtand in *Court*, and fear to fall.
How none but thoſe are rais'd by *Vertues* hand,
Can either ſafely riſe or firmly ſtand.

Of an unworthy Nobleman.

SEe ye yond thing that looks as he would cry
I am a Lord, a mile e'er he comes nigh,
And thinks to make his *Lordſhip* more compleat,
By being *proud*, inſtead of being *great.*
Behold him well, you'll hardly find enough
In the whole Man, to make a *Lackey* of.

A

And for doing ſervice to his Countrey,
His *Coach-horſes* wou'd better do't than he.
Such things as he, have nothing elſe of worth,
But *Place* and *Title* for to ſet them forth;
Being juſt like *Dwarfs*, dreſt up in *Giants Cloaths*,
Bigger he'd ſeem, the leſſer ſtill he ſhews;
Or like ſmall *Statues*, on huge *Baſes* ſet,
Their height but onely makes them ſhew leſs great.

Of a worthy *Nobleman*, or William *Duke of* Newcaſtle.

BUt now behold a *Nobleman* indeed,
Such as we admire in ſtory when we read;
Who does not proudly look that we ſhou'd d'off
Our *Hats*, and make a reverence twelveſcore off;
Nor takes exceptions, if at every word,
We call him not his *Grace*, or elſe my *Lord*.
But's rather on the *Off'ring part* with *Men*,
Then the *receiving courteſies* from them;
Well knowing how that *Nobleman*, but do's
Degrade himſelf, who is *diſcourteous*.
The whilſt *Civility* and *Courteſie*,
Is cheifeſt part of their *Nobility*.
So thorough all degrees that he has paſt,
Of *Vicount*, *Earl*, *Marqueſs*, and *Duke* at laſt,
Has always gain'd the general eſteem
Of honoring them, more then they honor'd him.

To the
Lord Henry Howard *of* Norfolk, *now Earl of* Norwich, *and Lord High Marſhal of* England, *on his* African *Voyage.*

COmmanded by your Prince, you did not ſay
For your excuſe a *Lion*'s in the way;
But by *obedience*, and your *Honor* led,
Even into *Africk* went where they are bred.
Teaching of *Subjects* by the haſt you made,
How *Kings* and *Princes* are to be obey'd.
And how they obey, but ſlowly and too late
When they *demur*, or elſe *capitulate*.
By your example then, who e'er are ſent
By *Kings* abroad, may learn this document;
How they but ſerve themſelves, and not their *Kings*
Who onely obey in ſafe and eaſie things,
And how there's little honor to obey,
When *difficulty* and *danger* is away.
Let then your talking crowd ſay what they will,
The *greateſt danger*, *greateſt honor* ſtill;
And that, my Lord, you went to *Africk* for,
Let who's liſt, go and fetch the *Golden Ore*.

To the ſame on his Voyage and Return from Conſtantinople.

My Lord,

AS Merchants Trade for other *riches*, ſo
You Trade for Honor whereſoe'er you go;
And of that Noble Merchandiſe ſtill make
A brave and rich return at coming back.
How rich then muſt the *Howards* be of't, who
Have ſuch brave Factors for't *abroad* as you?
And are ſo honor'd for't at *home*, as they
Without *offence* and *vanity* may ſay.
As *God* firſt made the Light, then made the *Sun*
A great *reſerve* for it when he had done,
So *Kings* make *honors*, and the *Howards* are
The great *reſerves* of't, ſtill you find it there.

On the Duke of Albemarles, and the Earl of Sandwich's bringing in the King.

THat *preſent* and all *future times* may know,
How much to *Monk* and *Montague* they ow.
By them that *great* and *mighty work* was done
O'th' *Kings* moſt happy *Reſtauration*.

A *happineſs* ſo general we may cal
It well, the *Reſtauration* of us all.
Whilſt t'one reſtor'd him to poſſeſſion
O'th' *Royal Fleet*, t'other o'th' *Royal Throne*.
T'one gave him full, and abſolute command
O'th' Sea again, as t'other did o'th' Land.
For which, what *Statue*'s had erected been
In former times, what *titles* given to them;
And with what acclamations had they ſaid,
Whilſt to theſe *Heroes* they their thanks had paid.
"If others have their honors well deſerv'd,
"Who nobly have their *King* and *Countrey* ſerv'd.
" What Honors ever can be worthy you,
"Who have not onely *ſerv'd*, but *ſav'd* them too?

To M. M. Davies.

On Her excellent Dancing.

Davies who well derives thy name from him
Before the *Ark* did *Dance* as well as *Sing*.
Who would not think to ſee thee dance ſo light,
Thou wer't all *Air*, or elſe all Flame and Spright?
Or who'd not ſay, to ſee thee onely tread,
Thy feet were *Feathers*, other's feet but *Lead*?
Atlanta well cou'd run, and *Hermes* flee,
But none e'er mov'd more graceſully than thee.

An

And *Circes* charm'd with *wan'd* and *Magick lore*,
But none like thee, e'er charm'd with *Feet* before.
Thou miracle whom all men muſt admire,
To ſee thee move like *Air*, and mount like *Fire*.
Who e'er wou'd follow thee, or come but nigh
To thy perfection muſt not *dance*, but *flie*.

On Her excellent Singing.

NOr does ſhe onely *dance*, but *ſings* withal,
With voice ſo *ſweet*, and ſo *Angelical*.
You'd think ſhe were ſome *Angel*, and believe
The ſoul of *Harmony* in her did live;
And that for *motion*, and for *air* to boot,
She ſhe were all *Harmony* from *Head* to *Foot*.
For *Muſick* is but moved *Air*, and ſo
In-certain meaſure is but *dancing* too.
Whence in her perſon does together meet,
All that in either, is both *fair* and *ſweet*.
And they may talk of *charming*, but there's none
Knows every way to *charm*, but ſhe alone.
But now ſhe *ſings*, let's peace, and ſay no more,
For juſt as when we ſaw her *dance* before.
We wiſht our ſelves all *eyes* to ſee her, ſo,
We wiſh our ſelves all *ears* to hear her now.

Envoy to this Book.

I Know not what the World may think of it,
That I ſo often mend what I have writ;
But this is all that they can ſay at worſt,
My ſecond thoughts are better than my firſt.

The end of the Firſt Book of Epigrams,
Corrected and Amended.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF EPIGRAMS,

ON GEORGE The First Duke of *Buckingham*, to my Lord Duke His Son.

THe *comlieſt Perſon*, and the *ableſt mind*,
For *higheſt truſt*, his *Prince* cou'd ever find.
Or to participate his *private cares*,
Or bear the *publick weight* of his *affairs*.
All which he bore as ſteddy, and as even
As ever *Atlas* did the *Globe* of Heaven:
Like well built *Arches* ſtronger, with their weight,
And well built minds, the ſteddier with their height.
Such was the Compoſition and Frame,
O'th' Noble, and the Gallant *Buckingham*.
Whence, though he roſe, as high or higher yet,
Than ever *Prince* advanced *Favorit*,

None envied his heighth, nor wiſh'd his fall,
ut who their Countreys ruine wiſht withal.

Theſe whilſt he *liv'd*, your *Fathers* praiſes were,
And now he's *dead*, are yours, my Lord, his heir.
The winning carriage, and the ſmiling Grace
Of his exterior *Perſon*, and his *Face*.
The noble *Vertues* of's interior breſt,
And in's example you have all the reſt.

On MARY *Dutcheſs of* Richmond.

WHether a chearful Air does riſe,
And elevate her fairer *Eyes*:
Or a penſive heavineſs,
Her lovely *Eyelids* does depreſs.
Still the ſame becoming Grace
Accompanies her *Eyes* and *Face*.
Still you'd think that habit beſt
In which her count'nance laſt was dreſt.
Poor *Beauties*! Whom a look or glance,
Can ſometimes make looks fair by chance.
Or curious dreſs, or artful care,
Can make ſeem fairer than they are.
Give me the *Eyes*, give me the *Face*,
To which no *art* can add a Grace.
Give me the *Looks*, no *Garb*, nor *Dreſs*,
Can ever make more fair or leſs.

On Miſtreſs STUART.

STuart a Royal Name that Springs
From Race of *Calidonian* Kings.
Whoſe vertuous mind, and beauteous frame,
Adds honor to that Royal Name.
What praiſes can we worthy find,
To celebrate thy form and mind?
The greateſt pow'r that is on *Earth*,
Is given to *Princes* by their Birth,
But there's no pow'r in *Earth* nor *Heaven*,
Greater than what's to *Beauty* given;
That, makes not onely *Man* relent
When unto *rage* and *fury* bent,
But *Lions* tame, and *Tygers* mild,
All fierceneſs from their breſts exild.
Such wonders yet cou'd ne'er be done
By *Beauties* pow'r and force alone,
Without the force and pow'r to boot,
Of excellent *goodneſs* added to't.
For juſt as *Jewels* we behold
More brightly ſhine when ſet in *Gold*,
So *Beauty* ſhines far brighter yet,
In *goodneſs* and in *vertue* ſet.
Continue then but as you are,
So excellently *good* and *fair*,
Let *Princes* by their Birth-rights ſway,
You'll have a pow'r as great as they.

On Her Dancing in Whitehal, *all ſhining with Jewels.*

SO *Citherea* in th'Olympick Hall,
And, th'reſt o'th' *Stars* dance their Celeſtial *Ball*
As *Stuart* with the reſt o'th' Nimphs does here,
The brighteſt *Beauties* of the *Britiſh* ſphere.
Who wou'd not think her *Heaven*, to ſee her thus
All ſhine with ſtarry *Jewels* as ſhe does?
Or ſomewhat heavenlier, yet to ſee her eyes
Out-ſhine the ſtarry *Jewels* of the skies?
Onely their *ſplender*'s ſo exceeding bright,
Th'exceſs conſounds and blinds us with the ſight,
Juſt as the *Sun*, who's bright to that degree,
Nothing is more, nothing leſs ſeen than he.
Mean time the rápid motion of the ſpheres,
Is not more ſweet, nor raviſhing than hers.
And 'tis not th'*harmony* makes her dance, but ſhe
With Dancing 'tis, that makes the *harmony*.
Next to divineſt *Cynthia*, Queen of Light,
Never was ſeen a Nimph more fair nor bright,
Nor ever ſhall 'mongſt all her ſtarry train,
Though thoſe in *Heaven*, ſhou'd all come down (again.

On Her Marriage with the Duke of RICHMOND.

THe faireſt Nimph of all *Diana*'s train,
For whom ſo many ſigh'd, and ſigh'd in vain.
She who ſo oft had others *captive* made,
And who ſo oft o'er others *triumpht* had,
Is *Hymens* captive now herſelf, and led
In triumph, to the noble *Richmond's* Bed.
Nor is it ſtrange to ſee about her flie
As many *Cupids* as are Stars i'th' skie,
As many *Graces* as are Sands i'th' Sea,
Nor yet as many *Venus*'s as they;
But to behold ſo many *Vertue*'s throng,
About a *Nymph* ſo beautiful and young,
Is ſtrange indeed, and does enough declare,
That ſhe is full, as vertuous as fair.
And all thoſe lovely graces has beſide,
As e'er made *Bridegroom* happy in a *Bride*.

To the truly Honorable Mr. Thomas Howard, *Brother to the Earl of* Carliſle.

ALthough there's many of opinion are,
That *Honor's* onely in the *Honorer.*
Yet we may truly ſay of ſuch as you,
'Tis both i'th' *Honorer,* and the *Honor'd* too.
Nay, you'd be *Honorable Sir,* though none
In all the World, there were, but you alone.
As th'*Sun* would ſtill be luminous and bright,
Though all the World were deſtitute of ſight.
Let others glory in the *Titles* then,
And *Honors* they receive from other Men.
You have no *Title,* by the which y'are known,
Nor *Honor,* but what's properly your own.

On the Death of the Earl of Sandwich.

NEver was greater Sacrifice than this,
Where *Sea's* the *Temple, Fireſhip Altar* is,
And *Sandwich* victime offer'd up to ſave
His Countreys honor, by a death more brave,
Than ever *Heroe* died, though we ſhou'd ſum
All *Greece* e'er boaſted of, or ancient *Rome.*
O Noble *Sandwich!* While there's memory
O'th' *Britiſh Seas* thy *Fame* ſhall never die;

Who

Who 'twixt two different deaths at laſt wert found,
In *Water* burnt, and in the *Fier* drown'd.
As if to kill thee *once*, did not *ſuffice*
Thy mighty mind, but they muſt kill thee *twice*.
Or elſe to ſerve thy Countrey, thou didſt chooſe
More than one *death*, more than one *life* to looſe.
Let then the *Fabii*, *Decii*, *Curtii*, nor
Miltiades's be mentioned no more,
Who for to ſerve their Countrey choſe to fall,
Our Noble *Sandwich* has out-done them all.

To the Earl of Oſſery on his going to Sea.

MOſt noble *Oſſery*, who does poſſeſs,
So much of *honor*, and of *nobleneſs*,
As were all *honor*, all *nobility*,
In others loſt they might be found in thee.
In theſe our *Wars* at *Sea*, where Death does ſtand,
With twice more *force* and *terror* than at Land,
Into what *danger* thou thy life doſt bear,
The leſs thou fear'ſt, the more thy friends do fear.
But when we talk of danger unto him,
Who *life* than *honor*, does far leſs eſteem,
This onely's all the anſwer he does give,
There's need to go, but there's no need to live.
Go then, ſince nothing can be throughly done,
But where the Noble *Oſſery* is one.

There's

There's nothing now that *England* needs to fear,
When *York* is Leader, and he follower,
Who's both in *Peace* and *War*, by *Land* and *Sea*,
So fit to serve his Countrey every way,
As for true *honor*, true *nobility*,
England had ne'er a braver Man than he.

On Welbeck *the Duke of* Newcastle's *House, where he entertained the Last King so Royally.*

WElbeck, a Royal Place, where every thing
Seems made for entertainment of a King,
And every one confesses, that he ne'er,
Was entertain'd more Royally than there.
Let others wonder at thy Lords expence,
And at the vastness of's magnificence.
He who wou'd hazard *Fortune*, *Life* and all,
To serve his Master, when his *General*;
For me I ne'er shall wonder, that he wou'd
Not spare his *Purse*, who wou'd not spare his *Blood*.

TO
Sir WILLIAM DUCEY,
on his Three Entertainments, of the King, Prince of Tuscany, *and Prince of* Denmark, *all the same year.*
An. 1669.

Ducey, who bravely knows to spend,
When 'tis for any noble end;
And never sticks at the expence,
When 'tis to shew magnificence.
For th'Royal entertainment that
Thou gav'st unto thy *Prince* of late:
The honor onely is thine own;
But what's to other *Princes* done,
The honor which to that is due,
Is both thine *own*, and others too.
In that th'art but a *private Man*,
In this a *publick Person*, and
Thy Country shou'd ungrateful be,
Shou'd it not always honor thee.
Who know'st so bravely how to spend,
When 'tis for any noble end.
And never sticks at the expence,
When 'tis to shew magnificence.

On his Houſe at Charlton, *nigh* Greenwich, *where theſe Enterments were made.*

NOr ſhalt thou *Charlton* uncommended go,
Whilſt *Greenwich* is by all commended ſo.
Although thou want'ſt a *Barkleys* Pen to raiſe
Thee to that height of *Fame*, which t'other has.
Did *Thames* but at thy Feet its tribute pay,
As't does to theirs, thou'dſt be as Fam'd as they.
But yet it needs not, for thou haſt by *Land*,
As it by *Water* full as great command.
And haſt as many *Neiades*, as they
Their *Hyades*, who thy commands obey.
Thy *Champions* are as pleaſant and as green,
Thou ſeeſt as much, though not ſo much art ſeen.
And in thy ſafe Retirement from the ſhore,
Thy *fame* is leſs, but *happineſs* the more.
In fine, thy *Gardens*, *Orchards*, and thy *Fields*,
Yield not to t'other *Park*, while *Greenwich* yields
As much or more, (although a *Royal Seat*)
To thee for *height*, as thou to it for *great*.

On the Death of Charles *Lord* Gerrard *of* Bromley.

WHo alive so far had been,
He almost every Land had seen;
And almost every thing did know,
A man cou'd in this world *below*.
At last his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World *above*.
Where his knowledge is so much,
And his happiness is such;
'Twou'd *envy*, and not *sorrow* seem
In those too much, shou'd grieve for him.

To the Lady Gerrard *of* Bromley, *on the Education of my Lord Her Son.*

IF *Education*, *Second Nature* be,
You doubly have oblig'd *Posterity*,
By giving, Madam, to my Lord, your *Son*,
Such *brave* and *noble Education*,
As gives him double Title to the Fame
Of noble *Gerrards*, and brave *Digbies* name.
Which while you give, and he does take so well,
Who merits greatest praise, we cannot tell;
But all agree there's none can better do,
A *Sons* then *he*, a *Mothers* part than *you*.

To Sir K. D.

WHilſt with thy *mighty wit* we but compare
Our *petty* ones, methinks they *pigmies* are.
And thine the *Giant*, with whoſe vaſt diſcourſe,
Whilſt we'd be meddling fain, but want the force;
Thy *wit* comes to't, and takes it up with eaſe,
Turns it as light, and handles as thou pleaſe.
Oh how I've long'd when I've in ~~company~~ been,
Where I've ſome inſolent talking Tyrant ſeen;
Uſurping all th'diſcourſe o'th' company,
Whilſt none muſt talk, none muſt be heard but he;
T'have ſome ſuch *Tyrant-Conqueror* as thou
Enter the Room, but onely to ſee how
My talking, Sir, would preſently be huſht,
And his *ſwoln inſolence* like a *Bladder* cruſht.
So have I ſeen ſome chattering *Pye* or *Jay*,
Fright with their noiſe, the leſſer Foul away.
Until ſome mighty *Eagle* comes in ſight,
When ſtrait themſelves are huſht, and put to flight.

To the ſame, Recommending a certain Memorial to him in Italy. An. 1646.

I Muſt beg of you Sir, nay, what is more,
'Tis a diſeaſe ſo infectious to be poor,

Muſt

Muſt beg you'd beg for me, which whilſt I do,
What is't, but even to make you begger too?
But *poverty* being as honorable now,
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the Plough,
Senatots ſow'd and reapt, and who had been
In *Carr* of Triumph, fetcht the Harveſt in.
When mightieſt *Peers* do want, nay, what is worſe,
Even greateſt *Princes* live on others Purſe.
And very *Kings* themſelves are Beggers made,
No ſhame for any Sir, to be o'th' trade.

On the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtles *Cloſſet.*

WHat place is this! Looks like ſome ſacred (*Cell*,
Where holy *Ermits* anciently did dwell.
And never left importunating *Heaven*,
Till ſome great bleſſing unto *Earth* was given?
Is this a Ladies Cloſſet! 'T cannot be,
For nothing here of *vanity* we ſee:
Nothing of *curioſity* or *pride*,
As moſt of Ladies Cloſſets have beſide.
Scarcely a *Glaſs* or *Mirror* in't you find,
Excepting *Books*, the *Mirrors* of the mind.
Nor is't a *Library*, but juſt as ſhe,
Makes each place where ſhe comes a *Library*.
Here ſhe's in rapture, here in extaſie,
With ſtudying high and deep *Philoſophy*.

Here those clear Lights descend unto her mind,
Which by *Reflexion* in her *Book* we find:
And those high *Notions*, and *Ideas* too,
Which but her self, no woman ever knew.
Whence she's the cheifest Ornament and Grace,
O'th' *Age* and of her *Sex*, Hail sacred Place,
To which, the World in after times shall come,
As unto *Homers* Shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb.
Honoring the *walls* in which she made abode,
The *Air* she breath'd, and *Ground* on which she trode.
So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and so agen,
The *Arts* reward all those who honor them.
While those in any other *Fame* do trust,
Shall after death lie in forgotten dust.

To the same with his Emilia.

WHen *Poets* wou'd a *Heroinna* make,
Does all perfections of her Sex partake,
They make her *noble Fair*, and *vertuous* too,
All which perfections, Madam, are in you.
Emilia then is but a feigned name,
But you and she, are really the same.
Or, if there's any diff'rence this is all,
She's but the *Copy*, you the *Original*.
Being then your Pourtraict, and your *mirror* too,
There's none has greater right unto't, than you.
Who so resembles you, we well may say,
Emilia's you, and you *Emilia*.

To Mr. Henry Jermin,

On the demand, Why he had no higher Titles.

STill *Noble*, *Gallant*, *Generous*, and *Brave*,
What greater *Titles* would these people have?
Or, what can they imagine more to express,
How great thou art, that won'd not make thee less?
He who is proud of other *Titles*, is
Proud of a thing, that's others, none of his.
A thing that's but the *Title Page* o'th' Book,
On which your *Fools* and *Children* onely look.
Or garnishment of dishes not to eat,
But empty nothings to set off the meat.
Thou envi'st none their Honors, but would be,
Sorry they shou'd deserve them more then thee.
And 'twere in thee, but vain ambition,
To seek by other *Titles* to be known.
When *Henry Jermins* name alone affords,
As loud and high a sound as any *Lords*.
Be still thy self then, and let others be,
High as they list in's place, what's that to thee?
Their worth is all *without* them, thine *within*,
And whilst man fills the place, 'tis worth fills him.
The *Title* of a worthy person's more,
Than all those *Titles* which your *Clowns* adore.

And

And there's no *Office* we may greater call,
Than doing of *good offices* to all.
This is thy *Office*, these thy *Titles* are.
Let whose list take the rest, thou dost not care.

To James *Earl of* Northampton.

WHilst you your Fathers noble steps did trace,
And still were found where greatest danger was.
As none i'th' Wars more active was than you,
So none has since more suffer'd for it too;
By *Plundering*, *Harassing*, *Imprisonment*,
And all successful *Rebels* cou'd invent;
To punish *Loyalty* with, in such a time,
When being Loyal was the greatest crime:
All which you not with patience alone,
But even with chearfulness have undergone.
Wishing your dangers, loss, and suffering,
Far greater yet in serving of your *King*.
And that far from the mercenary regard
Of those, did less for *honor* than *reward*.
And you've the *honor* of't, let other men
Take the *rewards* you do not envy them.

To Mr. Bernard Howard, *Brother to the Duke of* Norfolk.

Seguite il Pocchi, & non li vulgare genti.

I Grant you Sir, I have a mind *unfit*,
For my *low fortune* far too high for it;
But ſure you'll grant 'tis better have it ſo,
Than for *high fortune* to have a *mind* too low.
By that a *man* is elevated too,
An *Angels* pitch, attain'd by onely few.
By this, the *Noble Soul* is even depreſt
Unto the vulgar, almoſt to the *Beaſt*.
This *ſentence* I have ta'en for Motto then,
Follow the few, not vulgar ſort of men;
And care not what the *ignorant vulgar* ſay,
For being not of their number, nor their way;
They do but talk, and can't in judgment ſit,
Nor lies it in their *verge* to judge of it.
I put my ſelf upon the onely *few*,
That is the beſt and nobleſt, ſuch as you.

To the Lord George Barkley.

IF as they say, and as we clearly see,
Vertue be only true nobility:
There's none gives greater testimony than you,
My Lord, that your nobility is true.
And that't may to continue, you provide
By adding to 't true *piety* beside.
For *Piety* is but *Vertue* Died in Grain,
Can ne'er change colour, nor take spot or stain.
In which pure Garments, who so e'er are clad,
Are truly noble, truly vertuous made. (shou'd
Such Courtiers, Heaven desires, and such *Kings*
Desire too, if they'd have them great and good.
Happy the whilst, my Lord, are such as you,
Fit both for th Earthly Court, and Heavenly too.

To LILLY,

Drawing the Dutchess of Clevelands *Picture.*

STay daring Man, and ne'er presume to draw
Her Picture, till thou mailt such Colours get;
As *Zeuxes* and *Apelles* never saw,
Nor e'er were known by any *Painter* yet.

Till

Till from all *Beauties* thou extracts the Grace,
And from the *Sun*, the Beams that guild the Skies;
Never presume to draw her Beauteous Face,
Nor Paint the Radiant brightness of her Eyes.
In vain the whilst thou dost the labor take,
Since none can set her forth, to her desert.
She who's above, all *Nature* e'er did make,
Much more's above, all can be made by *Art*.
Yet been't discourag'd, for who e'er does see't,
At least, with Admiration must confess,
It has an *Air* so charming and so sweet,
Much more than *other's*, though than hers much less.
So those bold *Giants*, who wou'd scale the Sky,
Although they in their high attempt did fall,
This comfort had, they mounted yet more high
Than those, who never strove to climb at all.
Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,
From so great heighth, a little to decline.
Since all must grant the Reason of it was,
Her too great Exc'llence, and no want of thine.

In Memory of his Noble Friend, *Col.* William Evers, *Slain in the Battle of* Marstone-Moor.

Evers, who as thou liv'dst, so thou didst die!
Deserving an *Eternal Memory!*

Let some for th' *Macedonian* go about
To cut *Mount Athos* into *Statues* out;
Others in memory of Great *Heroes*,
Raise huge *Mausolium*'s and *Colloſoſe*'s.
This for thy memory, may be enough
To make't not onely *Time*, but *Glory* prove,
To see thee embracing of a Kingdom stand,
Like some great *Cato*, or some greater hand;
And midst of thy embraces see it fall,
Drawing to ruine with it, thee, and all.
Who would not say of such a *mind*, 'twas fit
'T shou'd never fall, but all the World with it.

Of the Riches of the Barbado's, *to Mr.* Henry Drax.

HOw rich *Barbadoes* is in other things,
We well may see by th' *wealthy Trade* it brings.
How rich it is in *Men*, we well may see,
By bringing forth brave *Drax*, such Men as thee.

On

On Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Cowley's not dead, immortal is his Muſe;
Or, if he be a *Phenix* he's become,
Who match-leſs in his kind, his life renews,
And animates his aſhes in his Tomb.

The ſame in French.

Non Couley *n'eſt pas mort, ſa muſe eſt immortelle,*
Ou bien ſi Couley *eſt mort c'eſt un* Phenix *nou-*
Qui n'ayant ſon pareil, ſoy meſme renouelle, (veau
Et ſuruit a ſa cendre, animant ſon Tombeau.

The Praises of Burbadge, *or an Excellent Actor.*

To Charles Hart.

WHo by the *best* and *noblest* of the Age,
Was held the chiefest ornament o'th' *Stage*,
And *Actors* cleerest light, in no dark time,
To shew them what to follow, what decline.
Who knew by Rules of the *Dramatick Art*,
To fit his Speech and Action to his Part.
And of an *Excellent Orator* had all
In *voice* and *gesture*, which we charming call;
Who a delightful *Proteus* was, that cou'd
Transform himself into what shape he wou'd.
And finally did on the *Stage* appear,
Beauty to th' *Eye*, and *Musick* to the *Ear*.
Such *Burbadge* was, and such *Charles Hart* is now,
All but the *deaf* and *blind*, must needs allow.

To Mr. John Dryden.

DRyden, the Muſes darling and delight,
Then whom, none ever flew ſo high a flight;
Nor ever any's Muſe, ſo high did ſore
Above th' *Poets Empyrium* before.
Some go but to *Parnaſſus* foot, and there
Creep on the Ground, as if they Reptils were:
Others but *Water Poets*, who have gone,
No farther than the Fount of *Helicon*;
And they're but Airy ones, whoſe Muſe ſoars up
No higher than to *Mount Parnaſſus* top.
Whilſt thou with thine, doſt ſeem t'have mounted (higher,
Than he who fetcht from Heaven, Celeſtial fire;
And doſt as far ſurpaſs all others, as
The fier's, all other Elements does ſurpaſs.

On Miſtreſs Jean Roberts.

ROberts, whom rather we *Rob-hearts*, may call,
Since of our Hearts, her Beauty robs us all;
And does it with ſuch gentle force and ſlight,
As ſhe even robs us with her very ſight.
Nay, what few Beauties elſe cou'd ever do,
Her ſight not onely robs, but kills us too.

Though

Though none so fond of life, was ever found,
Who wou'd not gladly die of such a wound;
Nor talk of *Law* to her, who is above
All other *Laws*, but onely those of *Love*.
Whence she's so high, and absolute become,
As she gives *Laws* to all, but takes of none.
Such priviledge Beauty has, whence we may see
Less Thieves are punish'd, great ones lawless be.
And mighty Conquerors whom no Laws can touch,
Do rob and kill like her, but not so much.

The End of the Second Book of
EPIGRAMS
Published before.

THE THIRD BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.

To a Lady who miſcarried of Her Firſt-Born Son.

IT always has a Pious Cuſtome been,
To give to *Heaven Firſt-fruits* of every thing.
And in this manner, *Madam*, y'have begun,
By giving unto *Heaven*, *your firſt-born ſon.*
Mean time, you may be moſt aſſur'd, that Heaven,
To whom your *Son*, ſo piouſly y'have given,
Will liberally reward you; and for *one*
That you have given it, give you *many a ſon.*
Then, *Madam*, ceaſe to grieve, and to complain,
If *Heaven* who gave him, takes him back again;
Who might have longer liv'd, but ne'er cou'd die
For *you*, nor for *himſelf*, more happily.
Happy for him, has that good Fortune had,
'Stead of a *Man*, to be an *Angel* made.

Happy for you, to whom the whilſt is given,
'Stead of a *Son* on *Earth*, a *Son* in *Heaven*.

To a Lady newly Married.

HAving now wholly chang'd your ſtate of life,
From that of *Virgin*, unto that of *Wife*.
No wonder, *Madam*, at ſo great a change,
That every thing ſhou'd ſeem t'y' new and ſtrange,
As all great changes, greater ſtill they be,
Begin with *wonder*, and with *extaſie*;
But end in *joy*, and in *delight* at laſt,
When once the ſtrangeneſs and the wonder's paſt.
So thoſe, who to the *Elizian ſhades* do come
At *firſt*, are loſt in admiration;
Till they at laſt recover by degrees,
And wholly all their admiration leeſe.
Now marriage is this bleſt *Elizian* ſhade,
Where thoſe, who love like you, are happy made.
As you'll experience now y'are thither come,
And ſo y'are welcome to *Elyſium*.

To a Lady, too curious of Her Dreſs.

AND why *Clariſſa* ſo much *pains* and *care*,
To gain the reputation of fair!
When without all this *care*, and all this pain,
You have already, what you ſtrive to gain?

Beauty

Beauty and *Truth* need ſo ſmall ſetting forth,
All you can add to't, takes but from their worth;
And th'*Sun* and *you*, need far more art to hide,
Your brighter Beams, than make them more eſpi'd.
All other arts in you, wou'd ſhew as poor
As his, ſhou'd go about to guild *Gold* o'er.
And you'd appear as vain in it, as they
Shou'd ſeek by *art*, to blanch the *Milky way*.
Y'are fair enough *Clariſſa*, leave to thoſe,
Thoſe petty arts, are onely *Paint* and *Cloaths*,
And thoſe wh're of themſelves ſo little part,
They're forc'd to piece it out by help of art.
So *Politicks*, when th' *Lions* skin does fail,
Do uſe to piece it out with th' *Foxes* tail.
But when th'ave *Lions* skin enough, 'tis poor
And beggarly, to add a piece to't more.

To a fair and vertuous Lady, too confident of Her Innocence.

MAdam, that you are *innocent* I know,
But men want *innocence* to think you ſo;
Who're all ſo *vicious* grown, they wont allow
That any can be *fair* and *vertuous* now.
In *Saturns* days, perhaps it might ſuffice,
When to be *innocent*, was to be *wiſe*:
But now without the *Serpents Wiſdom* too,
The *innocence of the Dove* will hardly do.

You then must get you some more sure defence
For *vertue* now, besides your *innocence*;
For *Innocence* is *Vertue* but unarm'd,
The more you trust unto't, the more y'are harm'd.

The Ladies name in Enigma.

Her *first* name somewhat of *Elizium* has,
Her *second* is in a more mistick phrase;
That colour which shews venerable Age,
And does i'th' morning a fair day presage,
Unriddle now and tell, whose name it is,
Or forfeit a discretion if you miss.

On two married very young.

Love well was fained young, for then's the time
As *Roses* are i'th' *Bud*, when he's in's prime.
And such a *Love* as that, is this of theirs,
Who now are married in their tender years.
Now like *Soft Wax*, they fittest are to take,
The first impressions which their love does make.
And like young Plants, they'll easily bend and bow,
Which older grown, they'd not so easily do.
Make haste to th' Temple then, you do them wrong
To let them stay unmarried so long.
Marriage is but a bargain betwixt too,
With giving hands, and there's no more to do;
And unto those have given their *hearts* before
The giving *hands*, does add but little more:

For

For *Love* and *Marriage*, none are under Age,
Though for the *Bed* they're yet in pupilage;
Thoſe ſweets are yet behind, which when they taſte
They'll ſoon repent, they made no greater haſte.

On a Fair and Beauteous Youth.

WHat more than fair and beauteous Youth is (this?
Seems *Natures* cheifeſt Pride and Maſter-piece;
When doubtful, whether Sex to make, ſhe made
One, who of either all perfections had.
You'd think him young *Apollo* or the *Sun*,
But that his *Face* has *two*, and th'*Skies* but *one*;
Or elſe, that *Cupid God* of *Love* he were,
Did he, like him, but *Bow* and *Quiver* bear.
Who e'er he be, you well may ſay, that he's
All that to *Beauty*, *Beauty* to others is
Of Grace and Ornament, and that has more
Than ever any Mortal had before.
Live then fair Youth, and may the *Fates* ſtill twine
New threds of Life, and add them unto thine,
Till thou at length Immortal maiſt become,
As bright *Latona's*, or fair *Venus* ſon.
Which if the *Fates* and *Deſtinies* deny,
Thine own *brave* parts, and *Vertues* may ſupply.

To a fair Lady under the name of Celia.

Celia, who now are in your Beauties prime,
Courted by all the gallants of the time;
Who almoſt nothing elſe of Heaven do crave,
Than that for wife they might fair *Celia* have.
I'll tell you what your *Beauty* is, and what
Y'are to expect, when come to marriage ſtate.
Beauty is juſt like Sweet-meats, which before
Th'ave taſted of, nothing they long for more,
But after once 'tis taſted and enjoy'd,
Ther's nothing with the which th'are ſooner cloi'd.
Then married once, 'tis ſuch a tepid thing,
And's *fiers* become ſo dull and languiſhing,
As looſing all its force i'th' married breſt,
'Tis *Ice* to them, that's *fire* to all the reſt.
Truſt not the *Bodies Beauty* then alone,
Than which, there's nothing ſooner paſt and gone.
But if a laſting one indeed you'll find,
Truſt onely to the *Beauty* of the mind.

On

On a little pretty Child.

PRetty Child! In whom appears,
All the *Seeds* above thy years,
Of every *Beauty*, every *Grace*,
As e'er was *ſown* in Mind or Face!
By the *Bud* we well may ſee,
What the *Flower* in time will be;
And by the *Bloſſom* may preſage,
What the *Fruit* of riper age.
Never by *Nature*, yet was made
One who more perfections had,
Nor ever, though ſhe'd ne'er ſo fain,
Can ſhe make the like again.
Thou art *Epitomy* of all
We *pretty*, *fair*, and *ſweet* may call;
And for the more conformity,
This is th' *Epitomy* of thee.

To certain Ladies, who ſaid they liked not our old Wits.

LAdies, you like not our old *wits*, you ſay,
And what *new ones*, are thoſe you like I pray?
Age perfects *Wits*, as *Time* does perfect Fruit,
Giving a riper taſte, and reliſh to't.

And

And 'tis in such as you, a gross mistake,
No difference betwixt *Age* and *Dotage* make.
But 'tis the nature of *Green-sickness Wits*,
As 'tis of your *Green-sickness Appetits*.
T'one in the *Minds*, t'other the *Bodies Food*,
To like the *Bad*, and to mislike the *Good*.
Or just as *Heresie* at first begun
By crying down the *Old Religion*.
So 'tis perchance an *Heresie* in you,
To cry down *old wits*, and cry up the new.
If so, with your good leaves, say what you will,
Ladies o'th' *new*, give me the *old* ones still.

To a fair Lady against Masquerading.

SUre 'twas some one, who was asham'd, and durst
Not shew her face, invented Masking first:
And since t'has been a common Custome made
By such as those, to go in Masquerade,
But such as you, and all fair things were made
To shine i'th' light, and not lie hid i'th' shade.
Night's dark enough, and there's more need to add
New light unto't, than t'have it darker made.
And y'ave a *Beauty*, that's so fair and bright,
It is enough to make a *day* of *night*.
Beauty's a Heavenly thing, and those who wou'd
Hide that, wou'd hide Heaven from us, if they cou'd.
Not to be guilty of that envious sin,
Unmask your *Mask*, and let your *Face* be seen.

Or

Or, if you needs will hide it, you may find
A ſpeedier way, ſhew it, and ſtrike us blind.
That were a nobler way for you and us,
You to be hidden, and we blinded thus.

Of a fair Lady ill ſpoken of.

AS 'tis a Godlike diſpoſition,
To judge and ſpeak the beſt of every one:
So 'tis a ſpirit diabolical,
To judge the worſt, and to ſpeak ill of all.
All have their faults, and thoſe who have the leaſt,
We ſhou'd account the happieſt and the beſt.
'Tis the condition of Humanity,
None in this World without ſome faults can be;
And who'd have thoſe, with none at all, muſt go
To th'World *above*, there's none in this below.
And what are thoſe faults now they find with you?
Of which themſelves are not as guilty too.
Leſs Beauty be a fault, and then who wou'd
Not gladly be as guilty, if they cou'd?
As midnight Dogs then bark againſt the *Moon*,
Whilſt ſhe her bright conſpicuous courſe goes on;
So do you well, and then let them ſpeak ill,
The more their ſhame, the more your *honor* ſtill.

Upon one who ſlandred a fair Lady.

THou enemy of all that's fair and bright,
As *Fowls* of darkneſs, are unto the light.
Monſter of Monſters! *Baſilisk* of ſpight,
That kill'ſt with *tongue*, as t'other does with *ſight*.
Sland'rer of Ladies, and of them the beſt,
Th haſt done an act, which all men muſt deteſt.
Beauty's a thing divine, and thoſe who wou'd
Wrong that, wou'd wrong *divinity*, if they cou'd.
Who takes my *Purſe*, does but as *robbers* do,
Who takes my *Fame*, robs me and kills me too;
And with his venomous tongue, and poyſonous breath,
Does all he can to kill me after death:
But I miſtake, it is no *calumny*,
To be ill ſpoken of by ſuch as thee;
Thou rather praiſeſt them againſt thy will,
As he who cur'd by chance, whom he wou'd kill;
For 'tis the ſame thing rightly underſtood,
To be diſprais'd by th'bad, as prais'd by th'*good*.

To a Noble Friend of his in the Countrey.

WHilſt Men and Manners here, are all ſo bad,
As every one by example's worſer made.
You're

You're happy Sir, who in the *Countrey* are,
And nothing see but *good example* there.
Passing your time amongst the Countrey sports,
More harmlesly than we in *Towns* or *Courts*.
Who just as silly *sheep*, 'mong *bushes* stray,
Whilst every *bush* takes part o'th' *Fleece* away,
So ne'er abroad 'mongst company do come,
But we lose somewhat still we had at home;
Not onely our *ease*, our *quiet* and *content*,
But we receive far greater detriment:
Our morning thoughts are *Gold*, by noon th'are
And all turn'd *dross* before we go to Bed. (*Lead*,
And every hour we worse and worser grow,
Mixture of company does abase us so.

On the Noble Company at Melchbourn.

MElchborun a happy place, to whom is given
This priviledge by special *Grace* of Heaven,
As in no other place you e'er shall see
More noble, nor more easie Company.
Whose *Lord* and *Lady* of a *Dove-like* kind,
Live so united with one *Soul* and *Mind*,
Betwixt them never yet was other strife,
But who shou'd kindest be of *Man* or *Wife*;
Or with like emulation agen,
Who shou'd do greater good to other men.

All *Freedom*, *Nobleneſs*, and *Kindneſs* he;
All *Sweetneſs*, *Gentleneſs*, and *Mildneſs* ſhe:
No *Weather-cocks* of *humor* apt to change,
To day familiar, and to morrow ſtrange;
But conſtant to their *goodneſs*, and their way,
The ſame to *morrow*, as they were to *day*.

On a Ladies bluſhing, when the King looked upon her.

SO *Roſes* bluſh, when look'd on by the *Sun*,
As ſhe, when by the *King* ſhe's look'd upon.
And ſo of all fair things, we nothing ſee,
More fair in *Nature*, than the *Roſe* and ſhe.
If things take name from their *original*,
We well her *Bluſhes Royal* ones may call;
And if we'ave loſt the *Royal Purples* ſtain,
It in her *Cheeks* may well be found again.
Mean time as 'tis a ſign the *Sun* draws near,
When fair *Aurora* bluſhing does appear,
To ſee her bluſhing, when the *King* does come,
You'd ſay ſhe were *Aurora*, he the *Sun*.

The Pourtract.

SUch a Statue as we call,
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *tall*;
And each part from *head* to *foot*,
With a juſt proportion to't.
Such a fair and beauteous face,
As adds to all the reſt a Grace.
Hair ſo black and *skin* ſo white,
Never was a fairer ſight,
And her fairer yet to make
Eyes and *Eye-brows* too as black:
Forhead ſmoother than the Glaſs,
Where ſhe ſees her Beauteous Face:
Cheeks, where naturally grows
The *Lillies*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*.
Lips all other *Lips* excelling,
Th'are ſo ruddy, and ſo ſwelling.
Voice that charms you, 'tis ſo ſweet,
Made more charming by her *wit*.
Whilſt in none you e'er ſhall find,
A more fair and vertuous *mind*.
If you'd know who this may be,
Name *Bellaſis*, it is ſhe.

On a Famous Running Horſe.

LEt Fabulous Antiquity no more
Boaſt of the *Running Horſes* th'had before,
Here is a *Horſe*, to whom they'd all ſeem lame,
Who ran i'th' *Iſthmos* or *Nemæan* game:
Surpaſſing far the Horſes of the *Sun*,
So many thouſand miles a day do run;
Or *Ginnets* of the *Adulaſian* kind,
For ſwiftneſs far out-ſtrips their *ſire* the *Wind*.
Whom we had prais'd before, but that there s none
Had time to do it, till the race was done.
But now we well without *hyperbolly*,
May ſay, he does not ſeem to *run* but *fly*.
Talk then no more of *Pegaſus*, nor yet
Of t'other *Flying Horſe* or *Pacolet*,
Whilſt we have *Tancred* here, we well may ſay,
We have our *Flying Horſe*, as well as they.

To an Enemy.

FOr ſhame give o'er, and let's be friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'are not *Beaſts* but *Men*.
This baiting one another, is but juſt
Like *Bear-baiting*, where thoſe who ſeem the moſt
Delighted with't, nor love the *Dog* nor *Bear*,
But onely th'ſavage ſport they make them there:
And what *Man*'s he, himſelf wou'd harm or hurt,
Onely as *Beaſts* do, to make others ſport?
For ſhame give o'er then, let's be friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'are not *Beaſts*, but *Men*.

On a little pretty Perſon.

SHe is *pretty*, and ſhe knows it,
She is *witty*, and ſhe ſhows it;
And beſides that, ſhe's ſo *witty*,
And ſo *little*, and ſo *pretty*,
Sh'has a hundred other parts,
For to take and conquer hearts.
'Mongſt the reſt, her *Air's* ſo ſprightful,
And ſo pleaſant and delightful,
With ſuch Charms and ſuch Attractions,
In her words, and in her Actions,
As who e'er does *hear* and *ſee*,
Say there's none does charm but ſhe.

But

But who have her in their arms,
Say sh'has hundred other charms,
And as many more Attractions,
In her words, and in her actions;
But for that, suffice to tell ye,
'Tis the little pretty *Nelly*.

The End of the Anominal Eprigrams.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.

On his Acceſſion to the Poetical Academy in ITALY:

Under the Preſidency of the Lord Duke of Buckingham.

'TIs ſo indeed, here's a free *Mart* and *Faire*,
I now perceive, of all *Poetick ware*,
No *Tax*, *Gabel*, nor *Impoſition*, none
On any Merchandiſe, but every one
Brings what he pleaſe, and from the Lord o'th' place
Free *Paſſport* for it, and *ſafe conduct* has.
Mean time, all ſort of rich commodities,
Are here inſtal'd to take the curious eyes.
Pictures o'th' mind, ſo lively drawn, and like,
They put down *Holbeen*, *Titian*, and *Vandike*.

Damasks and Tiſſues of *Parnaſſus* work;
Surpaſs the *Chinan*, *Perſian*, and the *Turk*.
T'on's richer vain, and *ſparkling wit* contends,
With *Gold* and *Jewels*, either *India* ſends.
To'ther agen for ſofter *phraſe* puts down,
The Wool o'th' *Beaver*, or the *Swans* ſoft Doun:
Onely as I have heard objected, there's
Great want amongſt the reſt of ſuch ſmall *Wares*.
Your *Ped'ers* uſe to bring unto a *Fair*,
Amongſt your richer, and more precious Ware:
And for ſuch petty toys, that none may lack,
I'm come to fit them, with my *Pedlers* Pack.

Something upon an excellent Poem of Nothing.

OF nothing, nothing's made, they ſay, but he
Diſprov'd that ſaying, *Poem*, who made thee.
And proves himſelf maker of *Verſes* right,
Cou'd out of *nothing*, bring ſuch ones to light.
Which I (as *Creatures* him who does create)
Onely on *ſomewhat* dully imitate.
Mean time, I hope, ſay all they can agin't,
They needs muſt ſay, at leaſt, there's *ſomewhat* in't.
Or granting it as good, as *nothing* be,
The greater honor ſtill for *it* and me.

On Doctor Cornuto.

WHoſo famous was of late,
He was with th'*finger* pointed at;
What cannot Learning do, and ſingle ſtate?
Being married he ſo famous grew,
As he was pointed at with two,
What cannot Learning and a Wife now do?

Upon one Sweating in Cornelius *Tub.*

WHo's this that lives ſo like *Diogenes*,
For he liv'd in a *Tub*, and ſo does this?
Some *Anchorit* perhaps who here does dwell,
In ſolitary *Tub* inſtead of *Cell*?
Or ſome *Tub-Preacher*, who does take ſuch pain,
To Preach 'gainſt *Babel*, as he ſweats again.
Pox! Now I know 'tis one i'th' caſe he's in,
Sweats more for's own, than *Eves* or *Adam's* ſin;
And's in ſo ſweet a *pickle*, I ſuppoſe,
He's glad himſelf, that he has ne'er a *noſe*.
Yet he's ſo far from railing againſt *Women*,
And from repentance of his former ſinning.
He calls it ſtill the *ſweet ſin* of the fleſh,
Although 't be rather *powder'd* now, than *freſh*.
And as for *Woman* ſays, howe'er th'ave ſerv'd him,
A Woman made him, and a Woman marr'd him.

In Small-Beer.

HOw cold am I? with Drinking of this *Small-Beer* we may well the *Devils Tulip* call;
Diſtill'd from *Lembeck* of ſome *Lapland* Witch,
With *North-winds Bellows* blowing in her Breech,
Or ſtale of ſome cold *Hag* o'th'Marſhes, who
Than *Water* never better Liquor knew;
A penitential drink for none, by right,
But thoſe 'th' *morning*, who were drunk o'er *night*.
Sure 'twas the *poyſon* Antiquaries think
They gave condemned *Socrates* to drink:
Or that the *Macedonian* drank ſo cold,
As nothing but an *Aſſes Hooff* would hold.
We are deceiv'd it was not *Neobe*'s moan,
But drinking *Small-Beer* turn'd her unto *ſtone*.
And that infallibly, which ſince has made
All *Charity* ſo cold, and th'World ſo bad.
If then *Divines* wou'd mend it, let them Preach
'Gainſt *Small-Beer* onely, and no doctrine Teach;
But *Drinking Wine*, and then we ſoon ſhou'd ſee
All in Religion eas'ly would agree;
There wou'd be no diſpute, nor factious Brother,
To rail againſt the State, and damn each other.
This were a labor, worthy of their heat,
And furious beating th' *Pulpit* till they ſweat.

In the Small Pox.

'MOngſt all diſeaſes of *Pandoras Box*,
Was none more fowl and ugly than the *Pox*,
Not that for honors ſake, the *Great* we call,
But that more fowl and ugly one the *Small*.
The greateſt enemy that *Beauty* has,
And very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a *face*.
On which it makes as fowl, or fowler work,
Than's *Coſin-German Meaſles* upon *Pork*.
One of thoſe *Devils* which in ancient time,
Caſt out of *Man*, went to the Herd of Swine;
And giving them the *Pox*, is come agen
To play the *Devil* as it did with *Men*,
To wiſh the *Plague* upon it now, that curſe
'T anticipates already for 'tis worſe,
Or *Great Pox* on it, we ſhou'd curſe but ill,
For 'tis more *Great*, in being the *Small Pox* ſtill.
Since then 'tis in its ſelf, ſo great a curſe,
There's onely one way left to make it worſe.
Let *Doctor* —— undertake its cure,
And with a vengeance that will do't I'm ſure.

The Patrons Lives to the Lord M.

MY, Noble Lord, if you would tell
How to live, and to live well.
Please you but attention give,
I'll tell you how the *Patrons* live.
First of all, they never care,
Nor for *Clock*, nor *Calender*:
Next they ne'er desire to know
How affairs o'th'World do go,
Above all they ne'er resort,
To the *Busie-Hall*, nor *Court*.
Where most part do nothing else,
But trouble others and themselves:
All the bus'ness they look after,
Onely is their sport and laughter,
With a *Friend*, and chearful *Cup*,
Merrily to *Dine* and *Sup*;
Hear good *Musick*, see a *Play*,
Thus they pass the time away.
And if you like our living thus,
Come, my Lord, and live with us.

Of an Epicure.

AN *Epicure* is one of thoſe,
No *God*, beſides his *Belly* knows;
And who beſides his *Bill of Fare*,
Does for no other *Scripture* care.
Who for his *Pallat*, and his *Guſt*,
Has quite forgot all other *Luſt*,
And hugs a *Bottle* as he wou'd
A *Miſtreſs*, if the *Wine* be good.
Who lays about him like a *Giant*,
When he meets a *Morſel Friand*;
And ſo long has cram'd his *Gut*,
He's nothing elſe from *Head* to *Foot*.
When you ſuch an one do meet,
Or in *Tavern*, or in *Street*;
By his *bulk* you may be ſure,
He is a perfect *Epicure*.

In Pravos Aulicos.

IF as they ſay *Courts*, are like *Heaven*, and *Kings*
Like *Gods*, ſure *Courtiers* ſhou'd be holy things;
Like *Angels*, from which ſtate, when once they fall
As *Devils* did, the *Devil* take them all.

Conſolation

Conſolation to Porters.

COmfort poor *Porter*, every one muſt bear
Their *load* and *burthen*, whilſt they tarry here;
And every one, be who they will, are free
As well as thou o'th' *Porters* Company:
Nor is't ſo baſe a trade perhaps, as thou
Imagin'ſt it, ſince if that ſaying be true,
Great Honors are great Burthens, we may call
The *Porters* trade th'honorableſt one of all.

To one who ſpake ill of him.

THe ſame advantage thou haſt over thoſe,
Who have ſome Fame, while thou haſt none to loſe;
As Gamſters have, who play o'th' tick with one
Who has ſome money, while themſelves have none.

On Simple.

Simple made much ado, and much offence
He took for ſaying, *He ſcarce had common ſence*,
Till ſaying *He had, and very common too.*
Simple was pleas'd, and made no more ado.

Of

Of Friends and Foes.

TWo *Painters*, Friend and Fo, once went about
To draw *Antigones*, whose one eye was out,
At half face either; t'one in friendly wise,
Painted him so, you'd think h'had both his eyes;
T'other o'th' contrary did paint him so,
You'd doubt where he had any eyes, or no.
So betwixt *Friends* and *Foes*, Men are expresst,
By halfs set forth, whilst they conceal the rest.
None as their *Friends* & *Foes* depaint them wou'd,
Beeing ever half so *bad*, or half so *good*.

On your Cross-haters.

WHo will not be *Baptised*, onely because
In *Baptism* they make the *Sign o'th' Cross*;
And hates all Christendom in such a manner,
Because they bear the Sign o'th' Cross for *Banner*.
Who with the *Cross* makes as unchristian work,
Where e'er he comes, as *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*,
And cheifly hates the *Papists*, as he does
For making as they do, the *Sign o'th' Cross*.
To shew in fine, how well the *Devil* and he
In hating of the *Sign o'th' Cross* agree.
Seeing how every one in *Swimming* does (Cross
Streteh forth their Arms, and makes the Sign o'th'
Were he to *Swim* sooner then make I think
The *Sign o'th' Cross*, he'd rather chuse to sink.

To his Horſe at Graſs in a Friends Park.

AFter my hearty commendations,
Hoping thou haſt nor *Bots*, nor *Faſhions*;
But art in good health, and as pleaſant,
As I'm at writing of this preſent.
This is to let thee underſtand,
I ſhall be with thee out of hand;
In the mean time, be ſure thou fly
All ſuch unruly company,
May lead thee over *Hedge* and *Ditches*,
As they had *Bryers* in their *Breeches*,
Till thou in doleful dumps be'ſt found
Half ſtarv'd, at laſt, in Countrey pound.
I need not bid thee now beware
Of playing *Horſe* tricks there with *Mare*.
For th'art by him, they call *Sow-gelder*,
Quite marr'd for getting *Hans in Kelder*;
And ſo long there is no great danger,
Thou ſhou'dſt, or *Stallion* prove or *Ranger*.
'Bove all, if *Serving-man* or *Groom*
To take thee up, does flattering come.
With Bridle in hand, and *Oats* in Sieve,
Run from them faſt as thou canſt drive;
For if they once but get that haunt,
Imployment thou ſhalt never want.

Grey Flecknoe here, *Grey Flecknoe* there,
Grey Flecknoe muſt go every where;
And unto every one does *back* thee,
At laſt become the common *Hackney*:
So hoping in my abſence, that
Th'wilt feed ſo well, and grow ſo fat,
As to recover ſtrength and force,
That I may ſay *Gramercy* Horſe.
Farewel *Good Cut*, as I remember
The Three and twentieth of *September*.

On Madam Tumbril *in* Burleſque *Verſe.*

TO tell you what Dame *Tumbril* was,
For *Beauty* both of *Perſon* and *Face*;
Without any long and tedious preamble,
As *Poets* uſe when they run on the ramble.
Her face was *good*, if for goodneſs, at leaſt,
It goes, as in *Bucklers*, the broadeſt the beſt;
And *perſon* fair, if for *fairneſs* it goes
In ſuch as ſhe, as in *Bullocks* it does.
In plain terms, without mincing the matter,
She had a *face* as broad as a *Platter*,
And *perſon*, ſuch as to ſee it, you'd fanſie
Some huge *Dutch Jug* were come from beyond Sea.
Then an *Arithmetician* 'twould trouble,
To count her *Chins*, th'were ſo many fold double:

Which made her look like a *Bawd* or a *Widwife*,
Or old Madam *Bennet*, or *Urſly* the *Pigwife*.
As for the qualities of her interior,
They ſay to the reſt, are nothing inferior:
I leave them to thoſe, who better do know her
Interior than I, and ſo I give over.

On your Juſtices of Peace's making Marriages.

NOw juſt as 'twas in *Saturn*'s raign,
The *Golden Age* is return'd again.
And again *Aſtrea* amongſt us is come,
When every thing by *Juſtice* is done.
Who now not onely in *Temporal* matters,
But alſo in *Spiritual* looks to our waters:
And *Parſon* and *Vicar*, have nothing to do,
Now *Juſtice* has making of Marriages too.
Before, of *Wedlock* they made but a mock,
When once th'had the trick of picking the *Lock*;
And *Marriage Bonds* ſo ſlightly were tide
Their running knot, wou'd eaſily ſlide.
And at the worſt, when ever 'twas ſlipt
For pennance, perhaps they onely were whipt.
But now there is no ſlipping the Halter,
ut ſtrait they are hang'd, if any do falter.
o every thing does fall out right,
And, that old *Proverb* is verifi'd by't.

The

That marriage and hanging both go together.
When *Juſtice* ſhall have the ordring of either.

On Married Miniſters.

IF both i'th' *Spiritual* and *Temporal* War,
Their *Wives* but *Baggages* i'th' Armies are:
We well may ſay, Your *Miniſters* who marry
Whilſt others fight, do with the *Baggage* tarry.

In Invidum.

WHen e'er thou ſeeſt me take *delight*,
In any thing, thou *burſts with ſpight*;
And ſo thou doſt at every thing
That does me any *profit* bring.
Thou *burſts with ſpight* to ſee that I
Am ſtill in Noble Company,
And *honor* I receive from them,
Does make *thee burſt with ſpight* again.
If then my *profit*, my *delight*,
And *pleaſure*, makes *thee burſt with ſpight*:
And all my *good* does prove thy *ill*,
I prithee *burſt with ſpight* o't ſtill.

On

On Madam.

OF *Madam*, it may well be ſed,
That *Madam*'s Head has little *wit*;
When *Madam*'s Husband is her head,
And *Madam* makes a *fool* of it.

On a Hector, *Pitifully beaten and drag'd away by the Watch and Conſtable.*

STill to be drag'd ſtill to be beaten thus?
Hector, I fear, thy *name* is ominous,
And thou for fighting, didſt but ill provide
To take thy *name* thus from the beaten ſide.
To have the *Watch*, like Band of *Mirmidons*,
Beat thee with Halberts down, and break thy bones,
And every *Petty Conſtable* thou meets
Achillis-like to drag thee through the ſtreets.
Poor *Hector*! When th'art beaten blind and lame,
I hope thou't learn to take another name.

On an Avaricious Perſon.

WHo wholly ſpends his life in getting wealth,
And to increaſe his ſtore, conſumes himſelf;
To me does verier Fool than him appear,
Who ſold his Horſe, to buy him Provender.
Money's like Muck that's profitable, while
'Tis ſpred abroad, and does inrich a Soyl.
But when 'tis heap'd and hoarded up, methinks
'Tis like a *Dunghil* that lies ſtill and ſtinks.
And as the Miſers treaſure does, juſt ſo
The Miſers ſelf and Memory will do.

Of Mis's and Miſtreſſes.

TO give you th'deffinition of a *Mis*,
She the diminitive of a *Miſtreſs* is;
Or *Little Miſtreſs*, who's as yet not come
Unto the honor of a *greater* one;
And you may call her by her *Chriſten* Name,
Whilſt t'other muſt at leaſt be call'd *Ma-Dame*.
For the reſt bating but difference of the name,
To all intents and purpoſes th'are the ſame.
Living the eaſieſt and the pleaſants lives,
With all th'Prerogatives of Married *Wives*,
And are with *Husbands* in ſo high eſteem
Their *Wives*, but onely truckle under them.

Thanks

Thanks to the *Liberty of the Times*, there's none
But has ſome *Mis* or *Miſtreſs* of his own.
And now to make the *Liberty* compleat,
Should every Wife too, but a Gallant get;
And they but all turn *Miſtreſſes*, you'd ſee
Even their own *Husbands* wou'd their *Gallants* be
And think, on *them* they well beſtow'd that coſt,
Which on a *Wife* beſtow'd, they'd think were *loſt*.

The End of the Fourth Book of
Drolling Epigrams.

Divine and *Moral*

EPIGRAMS,

DEDICATED

To Her Majesty,

CATHERINE

OF

PORTUGAL,

Queen of

Great Britain, &c.

MADAM,

As never any ſtranger was more obliged than I, unto the King *Your Majeſties Father; ſo never any had greater deſire than I, to make acknowledgment of it to Your Majeſty: But living in* obſcurity, *retired from the* Light *of* Court, *and making no* Figure *there, I imagined it would have no Grace for ſuch a* Shaddow *and* Cypher *as I, to preſent myſelf unto Your Majeſty; and other preſents I had none, but onely ſuch as this, which by its Littleneſs, ſhews the Greatneſs of my deſire to declare myſelf,*

Madam,

Your Majeſties

In all Humility

and Devotions

Rich. Flecknoe.

To Her Majesty.
Of the Dignity and Efficacy of Prayer.

AS by the *Sun* we set our *Dials*, so,
Madam, we set our *Pieties* by You; (be,
Without whose *light*, we shou'd in darkness
And nothing truly good, nor vertuous see.
You in the *Temple* so assidual are,
Your whole life seems but one contrived Pray'r,
And every place an *Oratory* you make,
When from the *Temple* Y'are returned back.
Like vapors *Prayers* ascend, and *Heaven* in Rain
Of Blessings, show'rs them down on us again;
And if *Heaven* suffers violence, from whence,
But onely *Pray'r*, proceeds this violence?
O mighty *Pray'r* that canst such wonders do,
To force both *Heaven*, and the *Almighty* too!
Fools were those *Giants* then, since, if instead
Of heaping *Hills* on *Hills*, as once they did,
They had but heapt up *Pray'rs* on *Pray'rs* as fast,
They might have eas'ly conquer'd *Heaven* at last.

On the Birth of our B. S.

AFter the *glory* given to *God* on high,
Upon this day at his Nativity;
If any one be curious to know,
What *peace* it was, was given to Men below.
That *peace of God*, infallibly it was,
All mortal underſtanding does ſurpaſs;
Onely the *low* and *humble* do obtain,
Whilſt by the *proud* and *high*, 'tis ſought in vain.
Seek then to know no farther, but be wiſe,
This is the *Myſtery* of *Myſteries*.
After which, none that any Reaſon hath
Can doubt of any Myſtery of Faith;
That *God*'s a *Man*, and's *Mother Virgin* is,
What can be more miraculous than this?

On the Magiis *following the Star.*

OTher *Aſtrologers* of opinion were,
That all the *World* was leſſer than a *Star*;
But theſe, it ſeems, believed it alone,
Who ſtrait left all the *World*, to follow one.

On the Circumciſion of our B. S.

HOw ſoon, *O Lord*, to day didſt thou begin,
To ſhed thy *precious Blood*, when firſt was ſeen
Spring forth the *Fountain* of that *precious Blood*,
Which in thy *Paſſion*, ended in a *Flood*?

On the Death and Paſſion of our B. S.

O *Bleſſed Lord!* And wou'ldſt thou die
For ſuch a wretched worm as I!
This of thy love's ſo great a proof,
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the *love* by far tranſcends
Of Parents, and of deareſt Friends.
To have ſuch a benefit beſtow'd,
Wou'd undo any, but a *God*;
And *Love* it ſelf, make *Bankrupt* oo,
By leaving't nothing more to do.
Had any *King* done this for me,
What wondring at it, wou'd there be!
And wondring at it, now there's none,
When by a *God* himſelf 'tis done.
Strange blindneſs! Man ſhou'd more eſteem
A benefit beſtow'd on him,
By *Earthly Kings*, than what is given
Unto him, by the King of *Heaven*!

Of Easter *and* Christmass.

OF *Easter*, a great word was said,
This is the day the Lord has made.
Of *Christmass*, yet a greater word,
This is the day that made the Lord.

On these words of our B. S.

O Woman, great is thy Faith!

O *Lord*, when shall our Faiths be praised thus,
And we deserve t'have these words said of us?
Others count all things possible to thee,
We nothing possible, but what we see.
They more to *Faith*, than *Sence* do credit give,
We more our *Sences*, than our *Faith* believe:
They believe all, we but believe by halfs,
Their *Faiths* are *Giants*, ours but onely *Dwarfs*.

On these words of our B. S.

Be perfect, &c.

YOu bid us to be perfect *Lord*, and we
Continue still imperfect as we be.
What shou'd we say, *O Lord*, but onely this,
Give what you bid, and bid us what you please.

O

On theſe words of our B. S.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THou art the *Way*, the *Truth*, and *Life*, thou (ſay'ſt,
As well thou may'ſt.
What Fool is he then wou'd forſake the *Way*,
And go aſtray?
What fool is he who wou'd the *Truth* refuſe,
And falſhood chuſe?
But above all, what fool and Madman's he,
Wou'd forſake thee?
The onely *Eternal Life*, and chuſe to die
Eternally?

On theſe words of the Apoſtle.

Nihil ex me poſſum facere, & omnia poſſum meo qui me confortat.

HAppy are thoſe who doubly armed are,
Againſt *preſumption*, and againſt *deſpair*;
By the *Apoſtles* words, who firſt does ſay that *Man*
Without *Gods* help of himſelf nothing can,
And next, that he can all things do agen,
By *Gods* aſſiſtance, and his helping him.

The saying of a certain Holy Man.

MY *God* and I, can all things do said one,
And if it seems too great presumption,
To name himself with *God*, 'tis without doubt
Greater, for *Man* to name himself *without*.

On our B. S. *curing the Leper.*

O *Lord*, thou know'st how most infirm I am,
Blind unto *Truth*, and unto *Vertue* lame.
O therefore thou who makes the *Blind* to see,
And *Lame* to go; help my infirmity.
I know, *O Lord*, thou onely needst to say,
Be cur'd, as thou to th' *Leper*, didst to day;
And thou dost know, so great's my misery,
As I've a fouler *Leprosie* than he;
For mine's not onely in the outward skin,
But in the very *heart* and mind within.
And does not onely make the Body foul,
But even infects, and taints the very soul.
Thou then who onely miracles canst do,
O Lord, as thou *cur'dst* him, so *cure* me too.

On the Picture of a Weeping Magdalen.

ART as well as *Nature*, cou'd
Have made a *ſpeaking* if it wou'd,
As well as *weeping Magdalen*;
But that it is the nobler way
In thoſe who truly love, they ſay,
To ſuffer, and never to complain.

On the rooting out of Vice.

VIce is in Man, as *Weeds* in *Gardens* are,
Which leſs we daily take eſpecial care
To root up as they grow, do ſprout faſt,
We ſhould be quite o'ergrown with them at laſt.
More ſhame for us, that every *Gard'ner* then,
Shou'd take more care to keep his *Garden* clean;
Than we our ſelves, and with a hand more nice
Purge it from *weeds*, than we our ſelves from *Vice*.

The Harm of Procraſtination.

THey ſay, *Repentance never comes too late,*
But let not *ſinners* be deceiv'd with that.
How many *ſinners*, have unto their ſorrow,
Loſt *Heaven*, by putting't off, until to morrow:
And *Hell* is full of thoſe who ſinning cry'd,
To *morrow* ſtill, till unawars they dyed.
Don't then thoſe *Croaking-Ravens* imitate,
Who cry *Cras*, *Cras*, until it be too late;
But leaving of this damned cry, lets ſay,
To *morrow* is too late, begin to *day*.

On the hearing of the Word *of* God.

IF onely thoſe as *Scripture* makes it clear,
Who have the Spirit of God, Gods Word will (hear,
We well may doubt what ſpirit makes abode,
In thoſe who will not hear the Word of God.
Since long Diſcourſes they'll not hearken to,
I make theſe ſhort, to ſee what that will do.

On Sin.

WHo would but think, when th'are about to (ſin,
O'th' pains that *ſinners* for't, in *Hell* are in:
They'd ſooner chuſe to burn i'th' *Fire* w'have here
A thouſand times, than in the *Fire* th'ave there.
This, if thou do'ſt believe, I ſee not how
Thou canſt a *ſinner* be, and if that thou
Doſt not believe it, then I do not ſee,
How thou canſt poſſibly a *Chriſtian* be.

On the ſame.

THou fearſt the ſight of *Men*, when thou (ill,
Why not the ſight of *God*, who ſees thee ſtill?

Of Death.

DEath like a Theif will come i'th' night, (ſay,
And unawares will ſteal our lives away.
'T imports us then to ſtand upon our guard,
For fear it come and take us unprepar'd:
And ſince it waits for's every where, 'tis fit
We likewiſe every where ſhou'd wait for it.

On the ſame.

HAppy was he, who every night did go
To *Bed*, as 'twere unto his *Grave*, and ſo
Got ſuch a habit oft at laſt, he did
Go to his *Grave*, but as he went to *Bed*.

Of Judgment.

Death terribleſt of terribleſt they call,
But hear behold the terribleſt of all;
For none fear *Death*, but thoſe who *Judgment* fear,
Without which, t'other but a *paſtime* were.
Life's but a priſon, we the pris'ners are,
And *Death*, the Jaylor, brings us to the *Bar*.
Where *God*, the Righteous Judge, to Judgment comes,
And gives to every one their ſeveral dooms.
Happy the whilſt, who in that dreadful day,
With good *Hylarion* may ſecurely ſay,
Go forth my Soul, this many and many year,
Th'haſt ſerv'd the Lord thy God, why doſt thou fear?
The *good* and *vertuous* wiſh for death; the *bad*,
And *vicious* onely are of death afraid.

The

The Pleasure of doing Good.

DO *good* with *pain*, this pleasure in't you find,
the *pain*'s soon past, the *good* remains behind.
Do *ill* with *pleasure*, this y'have for your pains,
The *pleasure* soon is past, the *ill* remains.

On a Ladies Beauty suddenly decayed.

O Heavens! Is this that face that yesterday
We so admir'd for *Beauty*, and to day
'S so chang'd, we can't perceive in all her *face*,
Least sign that ever any *Beauty* was?
If this the end of *Mortal Beauty* be,
O thou *Immortal*, rather unto thee,
That ever lasts, and never can decay;
Let me my Vows, and my Devotions pay,
Than such frail *Idols*, which while we adore
To *day* are here, to *morrow* are no more.

How to bear Neglects.

LEt it not trouble thee, if any wou'd,
Put a neglect upon thee, if they cou'd;
But mind it not, and thy neglect will be
More great of them, than theirs can be of thee.

Of a Happy Life.

WHo e'er wou'd live a *happy life*, indeed,
And wholly be from care & trouble freed,
Muſt firſt ſtand well with *God*, and then with *Man*,
Muſt have as little buſineſs as he can;
Muſt care for nothing that he cannot have,
And nothing others can deprive him of:
Muſt all his Paſſions in ſubjection bring,
And o'er himſelf, at leaſt, muſt be a *King*;
Muſt nothing do, his Conſcience may offend,
But every day muſt think upon his end,
Until, at laſt, h'has ſuch a habit got,
T' expect *Death* every hour, but fear it not.

On the ſame out of Ronſard.

CE luy n'eſt pas heureux qu'on monſtre par la Rue,
Que le peuple cognoit, que le peuple ſalue,
Mais heureux eſt celuy que la gloire n'eſpoint,
Que ne cognoit perſonne & qu'on ne cognoit point.

The ſame in Engliſh.

HE is not haypy they point at i'th' ſtreets,
Whom the people does know, and ſalutes (when it meets:
But happy is he who Ambition has none,
Nor others to know, nor by others be known.

Of

Of GOD.

IN vain we ſeek to know what *God* is ſince,
He's a vaſt *Circle*, whoſe *Circumference*
Is no where, and his *Center* every where;
Where e'er we ſeek him then, we find him there;
But what he is, he were not *God*, if he
By Humane *thought* cou'd comprehended be.
Go ſeek the *Heavens* above, th' *Abyſs* below,
And World about, and all theſe we may know,
But *God*, who nor beginning has, nor end,
How can we know? how can we comprehend?
Well then did that Philoſopher of old,
Who did the Ebb and Flow o'th' Sea behold;
And reſtleſly did ſeek to comprehend
The reaſon of it, thus cry out i'th' end.
Since I can't comprehend thee, thou at leaſt
Comprehend me; and I ſhall be at reſt.

On a Fair and Vertuous Lady.

TO your fair Sex, y'are beſt example ſtill
Of following *Vertue*, and declining ill,
Who never ſtir a foot upon the way,
Without firſt asking, *What will people ſay?*
Teaching th'unwary, if they walk not clean,
The fault's not in the *World*, ſo much as them,

Whilſt

Whilſt you as pure, and as unblemiſh'd go,
As *Stars* in Heaven, or *Ermins* on the Snow;
By which great circumſpection, this y'ave got
To ſilence rumor, and ſtop ſlanders throat,
That's always barking after thoſe who do,
Not walk with ſuch great wariness as you.
Continue then the Ornament and Grace,
You, and your *Siſter* of your noble Race;
You for a matchleſs *Virgin*, ſhe a *Wife*,
The great examples of a *Vertuous Life*.

Of Charity.

O *Charity!* Thou eldeſt Child of Heaven,
To whom th'Inheritance is chiefly given,
Whilſt other Vertues have no part nor ſhare,
But onely as to thee, they ſervants are.
T'one bears the *Light* before thee, t'other waits
Againſt thou com'ſt to open thee the Gates.
Even *Pray'r* without thee, nothing can obtain,
And whoſoever hopes, does hope in vain:
Nay, *Faith* it ſelf, unleſs thou ſets it forth,
Is but a bootleſs thing, and nothing worth.
Thou at the latter day, when all the World
Into the flaming *Furnace* ſhall be hurl'd,
As the *Refiner* ſeveral *Mettles* does,
To try out which is *pure*, and which is *droſs*
Shalt juſt like *Gold*, that's in the Furnace try'd,
Come out from thence, more bright and puriſi'd,

Whilſt

Whilſt all the reſt ſhall periſh and expire,
In ſmothering ſmoak, and in conſuming fire.

On a Noble Ladies embracing a Religious Life, Eclogue-wiſe.

A Gentle Shepherdeſs, as e'er did tread
Upon the Plains, whereon her Flocks were fed;
Inſpir'd by him, who all good thoughts inſpires,
Felt in her Breſt, till then unfelt deſires
To taſte Heavens pleaſures, ſeeing Earth had none,
A Soul in longing, long cou'd feed upon;
But changing one, a weary of the firſt,
She found the latter *pleaſure* always worſt.
And ſo went ſtill deluded in her mind,
Seeking for that which ſhe cou'd never find.
This *tender thought* with pious care ſhe fed,
And with Religious Education bred,
Giving it now an *Aſpiration*,
After that *Bleſſed Life* to *feed* upon;
And now a Sigh, and now a Tear agen,
For Sorrow ſhe ne'er knew it until then,
Avoiding carefully thoſe *Rocks* and *Shelves*,
On which ſo many Souls had wrack'd themſelves.
Thoſe two extreams, on which ſo many fall
To undertake too much, or nought at all:
For 'tis with new-born Children of deſire,
As 'tis with *ſparks* you kindle unto fire,

Starv'd with too little Fewel, 'twill not light,
Oppreſt with too much, 'tis extinguiſh'd quite:
And now ſhe's all a fire, happineſs be,
Fair Virgin to thy beſt deſires and thee.
So *great*, ſo *high*, ſo *full* a happineſs,
As nothing can be more, that is not leſs;
Nothing beyond, but down the Hill again,
And all addition, rather loſs than gain.
By glad experience, maiſt thou find all ſtore
Of hearts contentment, thou expects and more;
And learn that *Magick of Religion* there,
Makes every thing quite contrary appear,
To *you*, than unto *us*, *Rich Poverty*,
Triumphant Sufferance; *Brave Humility*,
Soft Hardneſs, greater difficulties ſlight,
Sweet Bitterneſs, and heavieſt *Burthens Light*;
Eaſe in your Labor, *Pleaſure in your Pain*,
A Heaven on Earth, and all things elſe but vain.

On a Dim Sight.

HE who in former times cou'd never brook,
On any thing but what was *great* to look:
His *Eyes grown Dim*, this by't, at leaſt, does get,
He nothing now can ſee, but what is *great*.
This makes him ever ſince his eyes were dim,
Think all this *World*, a little darkſome thing;
And often unto Heaven caſt up his ſight,
In ſearch of greater things, and greater light:

This

This makes him too juſt like a *Seeled Dove*,
More capable of ſeeing things above.
And he more fit for Contemplation, is
Of t'other World, the leſs he ſees of this.
Let who's liſt then, complain of want of ſight,
So great a benefit h'has gotten by't;
As rightly weigh'd, and rightly underſtood,
He wou'd not now ſee clearer though he cou'd.

The Reſolution.

I Who in former times obſerv'd have been,
Never to talk, but of ſome *King* or *Queen*;
Nor in diſcourſe ever t'have mention made,
But of what ſuch a *Duke* or *Dutcheſs* ſaid;
The whilſt my chiefeſt ſtudy was to know,
The beſt and nobleſt of this World below:
Am now reſolv'd to ſtudy in ſome Cell,
Thoſe of the other World to know as well.
That whilſt I'm known enough to thoſe are here,
I may not die unknown to thoſe are there;
And may before I die, ſo happy be,
To leave the World, before the World leave me.
In which reſolves, we juſt like Mothers are,
Who feel ſome pain, the whilſt they children bear;
But all the pain they felt, at laſt does turn
To *joy* and *gladneſs*, when the Child is born.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAg. 16. *Line* 4. *Read* convertit *for* convers't.
Pag. 36. *l* 7. *read* preſence *for* company.
Pag. 48. *ult. read* ſelf *for* mask.

Page 17. *lines the two laſt.*

And leave them darkly ſhadow'd, and hid
Under thoſe Heads as t'other Painted did.

Characters

Made at Several Times on Several Occasions.

By *Richard Flecknoe.*

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